

Lee to the Rescue

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Summary: Lee, Jaime, Phillip, baseball, and the consequences of the game. As usual, I don't want to give too much away. A sequel, of sorts, to "Boys Will Be Boys."

Lee to the Rescue

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A/N Just a typical afternoon at the King/Stetson household; don't want to give too much away. (Inspired in part by a real-life event starring my then 4-year-old son.) Hope you enjoy! A special thanks to Bruce Boxleitner and Kate Jacksonâ€"as well as the rest of the castâ€"for portraying these characters so wonderfully.

It was the bottom of the ninth, two outs, bases loaded. The Bombers needed at least two runs to tie the game. Jaime had just made it to first with a walk, which loaded the bases. Phillip was up to bat. Could this game be any more intense? Lee didn't know how Amanda did it; she always seemed to be so calm. Oh how he wished she was here with him. But Francine had needed her expert help on some reports for Billy, so Lee had volunteered to be the parent representation at the game tonight. The boys understood; Lee was their stepdad and cared about them just as much as their mother did. He smiled at that thought. Who would have ever imagined Lee Stetson, the consummate spy and ladies' man, would be so happy in his new role.

"Come on, Phillip, let's get these runners home," he yelled to his oldest stepson. The entire Bomber's cheering section was on its feet. It was now or never for the team.

As the first pitch flew over the plate, the umpire bellowed "strike."

"You can do it, Phillip. You've had your look. Now just concentrate,"

encouraged Lee.

As the second pitch approached the plate, Phillip grinned and swung with all his might.

CRACK

The crowd held its collective breath. Would the ball clear the fence? Would it be caught? Neither scenario played out; the ball fell just short of the outfield fence. The crowd instantly started shouting for the runners to advance as the other team scrambled to get to the ball and relay it home. If at least two of the base runners could make it home, the Bombers were still alive!

The runner on third easily cleared home plate to wild cheers. The runner on second happened to be the fastest on the team, so he quickly joined his teammate at home plate to tie the game. Now it was up to Jaime. If he could score, the game would be over.

As he approached third, the base coach waved him on. Could he beat the ball to home plate?

The catcher reached for the incoming ball as Jaime began his slide. The crowd gasped and collectively held its breath.

As the dust cleared, the home plate umpire could be seen giving the safe sign. Everyone immediately went wild. The Bomber bench cleared as the boys all piled onto the field.

Lee's scanned the field searching for both boys, hoping to catch their eye and let them know how proud he was of both of them. He quickly found Phillip, and they both silently acknowledged each other with huge grins.

He was having trouble locating Jaime, however. That's when Agency training kicked in. Okay, Stetson, where was the last place you saw him, he asked himself. Home plate! His eyes immediately went there, and that's when his heart seemed to stop.

Jaime was still on the ground, the umpire frantically trying to get someone's attention. In next instant, Lee was at Jaime's side, not having the slightest idea how he managed to get there through the crowd.

"I'm his stepfather," Lee hurriedly told the umpire. "His mom is at work."

"Lee, is that you?" croaked a disoriented Jaime.

"Don't try to get up just yet, son," replied the umpire. "You had quite a nasty collision with the catcher. It appears that your faceâ€"your nose and upper lip in particularâ€"took the brunt of it. You definitely need medical attention."

"But was I safe?" Jaime mumbled.

"You betcha!" said Lee with a grin.

Jaime tried to smile back but merely grimaced instead. His nose and upper lip had definitely taken a beating, and his braces had cut into

his mouth. From the amount of blood, Lee was sure he needed a trip to the emergency room. Jaime tried to get up, but as he did the world started to spin.

"Hold on there a minute Sport; I've got you," said Lee as he picked his stepson up and cradled him in his arms.

By this time Phillip and most of the rest of the team had made their way over to home plate.

"Way to go, Junior! You scored the winning run, even if your face is all messed up!"

"Hey, take it easy on your brother. He's not exactly at his best right now. And I need you to find a phone and call your mother at work and tell her to meet us at Galilee General as soon as she can. We need to head over there right now with your brother."

"Hey, don't worry, Lee," said Billy's mom. "We'll help Phillip with that call then take him with us. You just worry about Jaime there."

"Thanks a million, Janet! Come on, son, we've got to get you to the emergency room! Phillip, you listen to Mrs. Jones, okay?"

Phillip nodded, and Lee took off as quickly as he could toward the Wagoneer with Jaime in his arms. Trying not to jostle Jaime too much, he gently placed him on the passenger seat and buckled him in.

"Hey there, Sport, how are you holding up?" Lee asked as he slid behind the wheel and started the engine. Jaime's response was a weak thumbs up sign. He had decided earlier that talking wasn't such a good idea; it hurt way too much!

In mere minutes, Lee was carrying Jaime through the emergency entrance at Galilee General. While agents' families didn't warrant NEST staff, they did get preferential treatment, and the staff here certainly recognized Lee as Agency. After all, he had been a frequent visitor in the past . . . although his trips here had been less frequent since Amanda had come into his life.

One of the nurses led Lee down the hall to an exam room, where Lee finally deposited Jaime on one of the beds.

"Just hang in there Sport. Help is on the way," Lee tried to reassure his stepson.

As the nurse began to assess Jaime's injuries, Lee was handed a clipboard with a mountain of paperwork to be filled out so that the hospital could begin treatment. Oh how he wished Amanda was here. He was sure the hospital would agree, as he just hoped that the staff could read his handwriting!

After several minutes, he was finally done and looked over to check on Jaime's progress. The nurse had cleaned the wounds; now they had to wait for the doctor to determine the next steps.

As Lee finally took a good look at the extent of Jaime's injuries, he began to feel a little faint. Glancing down, he also realized that his shirt was pretty much covered in Jaime's blood.

Jaime managed to give him another weak thumbs up sign, which Lee returned with a slow smile. Why was he so lightheaded? Whoa . . . The room began to spin, then everything went black.

Both Jaime and the nurse watched helplessly as Lee Stetson, all 6'2" of him, hit the ground HARD!

"Sweetheart . . . Lee . . . Honey, can you hear me?" Her thumb stroked his brow.

"Manda? Is that you? What are you doing at the ball field?" As he began to open his eyes, he slowly realized that he wasn't at the boys' baseball game any longer. Quickly taking in his surroundings, everything came back to him and he tried to sit up to check on Jaime.

"Oh no you don't," reprimanded his wife as she gently pushed him back in his bed. "You've had a nasty encounter with the floor, buster, and there's a huge knot on the back of your head to prove it. You need to be still and rest."

"But I have to check on Jaime," he pleaded.

"He's just fine. In fact, I think he's doing better than you are at the moment," replied Phillip from the other side of the room.

Lee managed to look in the direction of the voice. Phillip was grinning from ear to ear, and Jaime was holding up both thumbs this time.

"Junior here can't really talk at the moment . . . boy is that a great thing . . . but he's going to be just fine in a few days."

Phillip's comment earned him a poke in the side from his brother.

"What happened?" questioned a thoroughly confused Lee.

Amanda attempted to fill him in. "Well, apparently once Jaime was in good hands and the paperwork was complete, you took one look at him and the blood on your shirt and passed out. I had gotten Janet's phone call just as Francine and I were finishing things up, so Francine offered to drive me over here. Janet dropped Phillip off after they had gone for a celebratory meal of pizza and ice cream. We've just been waiting for you to come around. Speaking of which, I should probably ring for the nurse to come check you out."

"Amanda, I'm fine, really!" As he tried to get up again, he spied his bloody shirt which was hanging over the bottom edge of the bed.

"Okay, maybe not so fine," he mumbled as the room began to spin again.

"I wouldn't get up if I were you, Lee," advised Phillip. "The nurse said you dropped like a rock earlier, didn't she, Jaime?"

Jaime just raised his left hand and quickly dropped it onto the bed with a thud to illustrate.

"Well, look who's awake," chuckled the nurse as she entered the room. She was totally enjoying seeing the great Scarecrow like this. Served him right for all the trouble he had given the emergency department over the years!

"Has the doctor checked him out yet?" questioned Amanda. "I'm really worried."

"The doctor examined him earlier. Other than the knot on his head, he's just fine . . . although I think it would be a good idea for him to rest for the next day or two. I also think he should refrain from looking too closely at his son's injuriesâ€"or the blood. I've seen it before. Parents hold it together until they know their kids are in good hands and the paperwork is complete. Then . . . well . . ."

"Really, Big Fella?" commented Amanda. "How many times have you been shot, stabbed, and/or just battered and bruised? We know you don't like hospitals, but . . ."

"I really am fine, Amanda. Would you please quit worrying. If you need to worry about someone, worry about Jaime over there. He needs you a lot more than I do."

"Hey, Wormbrain here just looks like a hockey player on a bad day. But he gets to eat lots of ice cream, jello, and pudding for a few days, so I guess it's not too bad."

"Don't call you brother Wormbrain," said Lee and Amanda together. Jaime just poked him in the side again!

"Jaime is going to be just fine," confirmed Amanda. "He actually didn't break his nose. It's just going to be black and blue for a while, and the doctor assured me that everything will heal just fine. He has several sets of stitches in his mouth where his braces tore into the flesh; but all his teeth are still intact! I think his upcoming diet will make up for any discomfort, right?" she questioned her youngest.

His response was another double thumbs up!

"But there was so much blood!" exclaimed Lee as he glanced at his shirt again, the queasy feeling coming back in his stomach.

Amanda quickly stood up and removed the bloody shirt from the end of the bed. "Let's get rid of the evidence. I think that's what's messing with your head," she told her husband as she crumpled up the offending shirt and deposited it in the trash can. "There, all gone!"

"But that was one of my favorite shirts," complained Lee.

Amanda shot him one of her looksâ€"the one that said _Don't argue with me, Stetson. _

His codename might be Scarecrow, but he did have enough of a brain to know when to surrender to his wife.

"Smart move," confirmed the nurse as she nodded to Amanda. "Now if you will just let me check out your head, Mr. Stetson, we can get all of you out of here and headed home. The doctor has already cleared your son."

While the nurse checked Lee out one final time, Amanda helped Jaime into the waiting wheelchair. "I know you don't really need the ride, but it's hospital policy," she said as her bedside bluebell training kicked in.

An orderly brought in a second chair, and Lee was quickly deposited in it.

"Phillip, do you think you can manage to push your brother without dumping him out of the chair?" questioned Amanda.

"I wouldn't do that," replied Phillip innocently as he began to push Jaime toward the door.

"Right," commented Lee. "Just like your mother here won't tell the entire Agency that I passed out from the sight of a little blood. Why do I think I'm going to be the laughingstock of the bullpen," he grinned at his wife, who had taken up her position behind his wheelchair.

"To quote Phillip, 'I wouldn't do that,'" she responded with a devilish smile on her face.

The four successfully made it to the discharge exit, where Lee began rummaging in his pockets for the keys to the Wagoneer.

"Forget it, buster," admonished Amanda. "You're not cleared to drive for 48 hours. So just hand over those keys. Francine said she would get Beaman to help her deliver the 'Vette to the house tomorrow morning. She said something about him owing her!"

"I just hope she doesn't let him drive the 'Vette," Lee mumbled.

While Amanda pulled the car around, Lee contemplated the events of earlier that evening.

"Hey, fellas, I never did get the chance to tell you how proud I was of both your performances at the ball game. Phillip, that was some hit. The placement in the outfield was perfect. And Jaime . . . you didn't hesitate one second when the coach waved you home. It took a lot of guts to slide right into the catcher like that."

"Thanks, Lee," Phillip replied for both of them. "We just did what you and our coaches have taught us. Glad we could pull out the game like that for the team. Billy's parents thought it was pretty great too. They took us both for pizza and ice cream and said that they'll treat Jaime to the same in a week or two when he's up to it. And, before you ask, I did thank them."

Lee just smiled at his stepsons; they were both terrific kids.

As Amanda pulled up in the Wagoneer, all three men just grinned at one another. Phillip actually helped his brother into the front seat,

for once not arguing over the prized position. He and Lee were both happy to climb into the backseat for the short ride home.

"How about a trip through Marvelous Marvin's drive-through on the way home for some ChocoBloco Shakes?" Amanda asked. She knew Jaime must be hungry, but he had to be extremely careful for the next few days. The icy treat would be just what the doctor ordered--for both Jaime AND Lee!

Later that evening--after the boys were both tucked in bed--Lee finally managed to grab his wife, pulling her down and settling her on his lap.

"Sit with me a minute, please," he pleaded. "After all, I'm injured too you know!"

"Yes, I'm well aware of your injuries. Unlike Jaime, however, yours are totally self-inflicted. I just don't understand how the Agency's top operative could faint at the sight of a few scrapes and a little blood. I've seen you handle much, much worse injuries and not even flinch."

"But those were injuries to myself or the enemy. This was totally different," he pleaded.

"How was it different?" she questioned.

"It was an injury to someone I love . . . someone I've sworn to protect . . . someone who shouldn't have to be that hurt at that young of an age. I think after the adrenaline wore off my body just reacted in the only way it knew how. I just wish I hadn't hit the floor so hard . . . ouch!" he said as he rubbed the lump on the back of his head.

Amanda reached up and turned his head a little, giving the offending bump a gentle kiss. "All better?"

"Hmmm . . . that definitely helps. But I know something that would help even more," he said as he smiled at her and wriggled his eyebrows.

"You're still in recovery, buster," she reminded him. "Remember, the nurse said you need to rest for a day or two."

"Does that mean I get to spend the next few days in bed? . . . with you?" he queried as he swatted her adorable behind.

"Yes, but your wife isn't as lucky. She still has an injured child to tend to. I'm afraid she'll be quite busy for the weekend. You'll be lucky to see her for a few minutes now and then. But she might be persuaded to spend the night with you if you behave." She poked his chest, then gave him a quick peck on the lips.

"I think that can be arranged," he quickly agreed with a dimpled grin.

"You know, we're lucky to be off the duty roster for the weekend. By Monday you should be back to one hundred percent . . . just in time

to explain to everyone at the Agency how you managed to pass out at the sight of a little blood."

"A-man-da . . . do you really have to tell everyone what happened? Can't we just forget it ever occurred?"

"Oh, I can forget about it . . . but I'm afraid Francine won't. See, you were still out cold, but she came to the room with me to make sure Jaime was okay and to see if I needed her help with anything. The nurse was kind enough to explain, in vivid detail I might add, how you crumpled to the ground."

Lee just groaned. Monday morning was going to be tough. He was sure Francine would show him no mercy. "Why me?" he asked the ceiling.

"Because you love your stepsonsâ€"almost as much as you love me. And I love you even more than I thought possibleâ€"especially after everything you did for the boys this evening." She punctuated the last statement with a lingering kiss before they both headed to the bedroom hand-in-hand.

End
file.